

17 Vidrick Poems

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I wake at 10 am the yellow scream
of day stretching across a wooden
floor. The air is full of monarchs a
migrating bonfire of wind. I will take
these words that I could not speak
and sail them with you, my cut and
bottled breath set adrift on to that
orange and black sea.

It was you who lifted me past the
broken violins of May and when
June began to swirl spoons of fog
into a deep narcotic alleyway of
yellow beach houses it was your
voice that climbed the broken
balcony of dark tides and nicotine
reflection that bloomed like stone
and broken guitars in the sadness
of my days and it was from that
island of grey solitude that I
began to cast eyelids of light
toward the sweet tongue of
the moon.

Blood moon song of train breaks
the silence of an empty coffee cup
dawn the smoky yellow ten cent
show of last night's broken dream
throws red bricks of empty promise
into the green throat of the mourning
dove day.

Ancient naked and riding a tunnel of
silence you arrive in the 29th hour
breast of Venus tongue of salt married
to a skin of prayer one thousand Buddhas
dance in the shadow of your waist that the
breath of the centuries has brought you
among us this will be enough.

Under the arch of a playing
moon a single night bird sings
to silent houses blue notes reach
open windows and uncombed
dreams in the golden lamplight
of one thousand drunken fire flies.

Such a small act your hair
parting revealing a perfect
round face and sharp silver
eyes your sacred breath
requiring nothing.

Move toward your vision your
lightning prayer blessed be the
fragrance of the torn veil and the
secrete that you hid behind and
long live the ceremony of disciples
who dance upon this marble floor.

Tonight I light a black candle and
incense I listen for the shrill of
Cicadas I sit in a library of books
nothing happens nothing changes
I am alone in a room was this your
vision is this the man you expected
me to become.

The memory of what I could not
learn haunts me on sleepless
nights this basket of cut wheat
this useless wreckage of verse
that I sail to you across wooden
oceans has no form and asks
you for nothing.

Silence drips slowly onto the blue
canvas of day sunlight falls lazily
through the window all concern
has left except if maybe a few of
you have gone and started the
revolution.

Something like peace the laughing
sparrow the jazz light the orange
kiss of the redhaired dancer a
delusion of perfume the breaking
light of fork lit road the hallucinating
tangle of noon.

Dear Mary, I would feel
so much better if you
were sitting here across
from me eating an orange
only sugar air and troubles
blossom in your absence.

A tea pot boils and a shadow
falls as a circus of acrobat
kisses bring the cold silver
air of the sun and galloping
memories of how my eyes
bloomed and hands wept
in the foam drenched waves
of your rose hip walk out of
the door.

If the only thing I had ever
known was you kiss that would
be enough I will spend this
Sunday with the lasting memory
of those sweet and lovely kisses
that pass like circus lights violets
and fields of sun across the blazing
pools and infinite mirror of time.

She whispers welcome the tongue of
morning this tree of poem in my house
I sleep on the never-ending silence of
overflowing ashtrays and empty cupboards
Yet today my head is spinning staring at
apple cloud mirrors how quickly her breath
has entered mine even the room is spinning
as I embrace her secretes from behind an
unlocked door.

All great art is driven by love
and you are my favorite so
just this morning the sea has
been placed in a jar and no one
will ever need create a bridge
again one day behind a locked
door is one to many and I would
just like you to know that it was
their system and not mine and
that I will never need know if you
ever escaped.

I will take your broken heart and
wrap it into this cloth of poem and sail
it away on the wings of a migrating
monarch far from the naked daggers
and empty church bells that haunt
your sadness and into the fire that
burns in each new day.